

If my silence

If my silence is hatred or rage,
spread it well, like breakfast butter,
and do not mumble “good morning” to me.

If my silence is love,
wear it like a silver mantle,
all around your naked body.

if my silence forebodes a disaster,
then *you* become disaster’s mouth
and it will give you sullen syllables to mourn with.

if my silence is silence because it can’t withstand your love,
then don’t you ever leave,
give me some time to comprehend these rare changes
in the history of my frozen heart.

Hold my silence in your hand like a precious gem
and like a secret treasure dropped one night
by the emerald tongue of a medieval dragon.

Revelation

The revelation that you feared came into the night
with the first gust of wind,
and with heavy steps like a timid ghost.

It came through the stars
with bloody knees, out of breath
and disheveled,
like a vision, like a predator pursued,
like a forbidding word.

It came through the white, persevering moonlight
like a secret message of death,
it came with the first beat of that ancient sun in our hearts
which make us join our hands in a dark room.

And then you turned into a magical being
under the heavy, gray forearm of the sky;
On full moon nights my thoughts were galloping like wild horses
until your eyes were shut, until your forehead turned into a little hippodrome

and this is how revelation came into a secret garden,
fervent as a redemption kiss,
it came, pure as a dove,
and shaken like the frantic pulse of a man scarred by a golden star.

CHILD WITH THE BITTER SMILE

It was a day without a sky
a day without silent bloodsheds.

The grass under your bare heels
was bestowing its sorrow upon your feet,
as if you were an Olympian,
and the stranger with the black sleeves
was waiting for you
leaned upon his heavy cane
with its silver carved handle.

It was a peaceful day
without eerie cries hovering in the air
but also without agonies.

It was a morning bathed in light
and the absence of beloved eyes
put on its white, formal mantle.

You were prepared to dive into
the sparkling embrace of the stars
but a force clad in white held you back,
at the last moment.

It was the day you became the child with the false, bitter smile

